

THE CHEYENNE TRANSPORTER.

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Cheyenne and Arapahoe Agency, DARLINGTON, IND. TER.

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Official Visitor.

Col. E. D. Bannister, U. S. Indian inspector, spent the past week at this agency, being on an official inspection of the various agencies of the Territory. Capt. Lee drove him out among the Indian farms, and he expressed surprise at the advancement our natives have made the past year. Col. Bannister is a new officer in the service, but his inspections are thorough, and he will not remain long a stranger in it. He came across the country to this point from the Sac and Fox Agency, accompanied by Agent McNeal of that place. Col. Bannister goes south from here to the agency of the Kiowas, Comanches and Wichitas. Inspector Bannister received his appointment to office from New York state, and, like all Yorkers, is an affable gentleman.

Accidental Drowning.

On Tuesday Capt. Jack Hayes, in command of B troop, 5th cavalry, on service in the Oklahoma country, in company with his driver, a soldier, Wm. Hamilton by name, drove into the North Fork at the chisholm trail crossing, 18 miles below the agency, for the purpose of watering his team. The river was up, and the first step of the horses took them into swimming water. The carriage was too heavy for the team to swim out with it, so the only show for life of its occupants was to do their own swimming. The soldier, together with the horses were drowned. Capt. Hayes put forth every effort to save his man, and in so doing very narrowly escaped the same fate. The body of the soldier was not recovered. The carriage and horses were however, but the remains of the unfortunate soldier were dashed swiftly down stream to a watery grave.

A Close Race.

Saturday, the 24th, was a holiday at Silver City, the occasion being a horse race between Young Short's bay mare and Thompsons' sorrel mare. The bay came from Kansas, and the sorrel is a well-known Washita animal. The purse was \$1000.00, beside many heavy side bets. The race was a five hundred yard one, & Short's mare won it by six feet. A party consisting of Dr. Gray, Oliver Eastland, John Murphy, Tom Hambleton, J. F. Samson and the TRANSPORTER man went from this Agency, who were entertained at dinner by Mr. Chas. L. Campbell. The race was the most interesting one ever taking place in the country, there being people present from distances of seventy-five miles. These were probably as many as 500 persons in attendance. The Washita fellows, headed by the venerable Bill Williams backed the sorrel mare heavily, there being many side bets of \$250.00 each. Altogether there were about 3000.00 up. It was a close race.

Indian Letter.

MR. MERRIT,

ED. CHEYENNE TRANSPORTER:—In year 1881 I went to Carlisle School, staid there until year 1886. I then came back home three weeks ago and was surprised to see the agency entirely surround by corn fields. Mr. Seger of Colony came down the agency spork well of this place for the boys and girls from Carlisle and other schools, so I came out with him and found his place about ten miles east of Washta River. There can be had about 20, 160 acre farms now along this creek the timber and water are good. There are also a large pasture for the stock. I have not been down Washta to see the Indians farming down there.

WILLIAM FLETCHER, (Cheyenne.)

Charley Campbell came up from Darlington, I. T., last week, and is here looking after the horse business, in which he is interested with our J. P. Campbell. Charley stands civilization well, and takes to the ways of the white man with avidity. — Caldwell & Co.

Our New Chief.

President Cleveland has appointed HON. GILBERT D. WILLIAMS, of New York, to be Agent of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians at this Agency. The appointment has been confirmed by the senate, and Mr. Williams will take charge in a few weeks of affairs at this place, relieving Capt. J. M. Lee, of the 9th infantry, U. S. A., who has so successfully managed these tribes for the past year. While Capt. Lee filled the office to the entire satisfaction of everyone concerned, the coming of the new chief is hailed with delight, knowing that he is a gentleman worthy and in every way qualified for the exalted position. Able, polished and of commanding dignity, Mr. Williams will surely handle the reins of government at this place with credit to both the Interior Department and himself, than whom a better gentleman could not have been chosen for the place. Mr. Williams is to be congratulated upon receiving the appointment, and the Department and the Indians are to be congratulated upon securing him for their Agent.

Sparring Contest.

Another occurred at the Post between P. J. Collins, of K troop, and Robert Fraser, of the Agency. It took place in the new hall, and a large audience of "sports" was present to witness it. They fought six three minute rounds for the door receipts, which was about \$70. The winning man was to have 75 per cent of this, while the defeated one the remaining 25 per cent. It was announced that the contest would be governed according to the rules of "Marquis Gooseberry"—or some other like sporting name. The crowd was a large one, and they paid 50 cents a piece to see the fun, and received the worth of their money, for the fight was the best that has yet been fought in the Post. Collins is a little the heavier man, but Fraser undoubtedly displayed the best general skill. But Collins got the better of him in the third round, getting in several "soundness" which knocked his contestant to the floor. There was a dispute, however, with the judges as to whether the knock down was a fair one, Fraser's man claiming that he slipped down. Collins bested him, however, according to the decision of the referee, Mr. Chas. Taylor, when the contest was pronounced ended.

Honor to Whom Honor is Due.

In the departure from the Indian service of Capt. J. M. Lee, that branch of the government loses the service of an officer to whom there is due the credit of having accomplished more in the interest of the service and for the Indians than any Agent in its employ. When we look at the immense amount of work he has done during the short period of one year, and considering that he took the agency of these tribes at a critical time, who could but say of this worthy and efficient officer a few words of praise? His many capabilities as an honest and able officer are well known to the officers of the government, having been on different occasions selected as the proper person for difficult official offices of a high character. His work in this line has been attended with remarkable success, showing conclusively that he is far above the grade his rank. Capt. Lee will undoubtedly go for a time upon a leave of absence, and he is the gentlemen above all others whom we would like to see enjoy a rest which he so sickly merits. His regiment, the 9th infantry, we understand is now stationed in Arizona, and we presume, as it is in keeping with his ambition, that the Captain will not be contented until he has resumed active service. The people of this little community, both Indians and whites, will ever have a kindly remembrance of Capt. Lee.

A. A. Robinson, chief engineer and vice president of the Santa Fe road, has just returned to Topeka from an overland trip from Arkansas City to Gainesville, Texas, over the proposed route of the extension now being built through the Indian Territory. He says the line will run nearly due south from the south line of the state crossing Deep Fork at its head, passing forty miles east of Reno, near Kickapootown on the North Canadian, and through Ft. Arbuckle to the Washita river at Old Kickapootown, and thence directly south to Gainesville. He reports the route an excellent one, and the country rich and well wooded and watered. — Wichita Eagle

Fern Cliff.

Have you heard of Fern Cliff? To those who have not, we will say that it is situated about seven miles west of Anadarko, I. T., with its cliffs and canyons, delightful shades and clear cold stream of water, filled with trout. It is a most delightful place to spend a hot summer day, fishing and picnicing, and all it needs is nature backed by capital to make it the summer resort of the Territory. Fern Cliff has already been the scene of many gay festivities and some adventures, a party of young ladies and gentlemen from the Wichita Agency visiting it recently. While strolling up one of the canyons, they came to the mouth of a cave, which had not heretofore been discovered. All at once their ears were greeted by a sullen growl, which seemed to proceed from the cave. The young ladies became frightened and screamed out "a cave of wild animals." The young gentleman, ever ready to protect their fair companions, reached for their side-arms, but to their chagrin and dismay they realized for the first time that they had forgotten to bring their shooting irons. A council was held and a retreat decided necessary, which was ably conducted by the young Lieutenant, assisted by the P. M., and the party arrived in camp safely.

To say that "distance lends enchantment" would be only expressing their feeling mildly so far as the cave was concerned. The rest of the day was spent near camp fishing and conjecturing as to what kind of animals were in the cave. One suggested bears; another panthers; another who had been badly frightened thought it a congor or a mountain lion. The young gentlemen, feeling somewhat sore over their forced, though well conducted retreat, promised their fair ones that whatever might inhabit the cave, that on the morrow their scalps would be dangling in their belts; withal a most enjoyable day was spent. The party returned in the evening to the agency and related their wide escapes and narrow adventures to a crowd of astonished friends. The next day the young gentlemen collected a party consisting of the most daring element of the agency, determined to wrap the inhabitants of that cave in the dreamless drapery of eternal death. With their six-shooters, Winchesters, shot-guns, bowie-knives, etc., they did, indeed, present a most formidable appearance—in fact a walking arsenal was suggestive. The party rode boldly out the agency with the prayers of their fair companions for their safety to meet their hidden and unknown foe. The sun mounted high in the heavens marked the hour of noon, sloped to the western horizon and bowed its good-night. Night came on, enveloping the agency in gloom, and yet no tidings from the "dear departed." The queen of night rose in her majestic beauty, casting her silvery light over the village, dispelling the former darkness as though to bid the "dear ones behind" to be of good cheer. "Although suspense is terrible," midnight saw the people of Anadarko wrapped in the mantle of sweet and refreshing sleep. Just at what time during the night the hunting party returned home, we know not. But that they rose late the next day with a dejected, wearied look and were adverse to being interviewed as to the details of their exploit is certain. It leaked out, however, that when the party arrived within 200 yards of the cave, a panther or congor sprang out of it and bounded up the cliff, escaping amid an immense belch of lead from the weapons of the brave (?) hunters. One of the party, who was in the extreme rear, thought it a wild-cat, but he probably could not see very well from his position. Some unkind bystander remarked "pole" instead of "wild" cat. As the scalp of the panther was not forthcoming, the thought seemed to be a happy one and became contagious.

It has since been learned that one of the young gentlemen who helped conduct the retreat on the day of the picnic and who has had considerable experience in the western wilds, refused to join the hunting party, giving as his reason that he did not wish to risk his reputation with fair ones on the possibility of finding a panther. We commend his sagacity.

MORAL.—Don't try to make a panther out of a pole-cat, unless you change its color.

LATER.—We do not think the gentlemen went to the right cave.

Locals are as scarce as hen's teeth, and this item is manufactured to fill up this space. We should have invited some one to pay up their subscription, though.

A Good Address.

Dr. Rhoads, President of Bryn Mawr College, and one of the Trustees of our school; Rev. Mr. Miller of Bryn Mawr, Susan Longstreth and Mr. Smith of Philadelphia, were with us on the eve of the departure of those of our students returning to the Territories. An informal meeting was called to the chapel, and was opened by the reading of the Scriptures and prayer by Mr. Miller.

Dr. Rhoads followed in a few earnest words of exhortation. He said: "Capt. Pratt and your instructors have spoken to you from time to time on behalf of Carlisle. I will speak to you on behalf of the people not of Carlisle only but all through the east. There is not a day when they do not think of you and pray for you. I wish much that you would feel when you go back to your homes that you will be thought about by these eastern friends and the great men of Congress. They will say, 'How do these boys and girls do now that they are in their homes?' They will be eager to learn that you have done well."

I would say to these Cheyenne students I have been in your country and met your chiefs, Stone, Calf and Little Raven and others. There has been a great change for the better among your people since I was there. At the Cheyenne Agency you will find an agent who will help you forward. He is ready to hold out his hand to you and say "Come," and beside the agent there are the missionaries who are willing to aid you. Go to them, too. Look for a chance to work, or make your own chance. Work at the Agency, at farming, cattle raising, do something. I tell you, my young friends, if the people that live around me had your chance they would think it was a good chance. With this opportunity that you have you ought to be able to help yourselves.

When you go home you will find old Indians who will tell you to go back to the old ways. Now is the time for you to decide. God has done much for you. He has given you these friends and instructors, this beautiful land and He will give you a chance. The matter rests with you whether you take it or not.

One day I was sitting in the railroad car and I saw four young men go up to a grog-shop. They stopped at the door and one of the number held back, but the rest laughed and sneered at him. I said to myself as I anxiously watched, what will that young man's decision be? I saw the workings of his face. So did God. After a moment's struggle he said, No! He decided for the right and there was great joy over that decision among the very Angels of Heaven.

There will be times when you, too, must decide. Be sure and face right and when that moment comes say "Lord help." Life is pleasant but there will be hard times in it that you must meet, but with courage and cheer and God's help you will get through. When the bright sky above us clouds over you know it is only for a few days at the most and that the sun will surely shine again.

Seek the best chance to work at the agency, buy cows, make and have money and never touch a drop of drink. When you are tempted and you will be, resist the temptation. Seek good company. There is nothing worse for you than bad company.

I remember one time being in the P. R. R. hospital when a young fellow was brought in. He was ill and had been a man of bad habits. He was tenderly cared for and we thought he would get well, but one night I was called to go quickly to the ward in which he was, and found that during his sleep he had burst a blood vessel. As I stooped over him he looked into my face and said, "Dr. can't you help me?" I stopped the blood but soon afterwards he died. Although God had done much for this man, he had chosen to do the wrong. I want to set before you the good way. Set your faces right, if you do this, life will grow brighter and brighter until you reached that other world. — Carlisle Morning Star.

Capt. Lee Hall, from the Indian Territory, brought a number of Indian witnesses here for examination in the case of horse stealing which resulted in the death of one of the thieves near the Horse-shoe ranch some few weeks ago. Quannah Parker, Big Bow and other "big men" of that ilk, were amongst the number, and their evidence before U. S. Commissioner Lewis led to the prisoner, Bone, being bound over in the sum of \$5000 to appear at the next term of Court at Graham. — McBeetie Texas Panhandle